

City of Dreadful Noises, New York Is No Place for Children or Grown-Ups

It Has Neither Quiet Nor Space, So It Is Impossible to Take Joy in Mental or Physical Activities, Asserts Rev. Dr. Hafer.

An Impossible, Saloon-Governed City, With Too Many Picture Shows and No Home Life, He Says, and He's Going Back to Michigan.

By Ethel Lloyd Patterson.

"The City of Dreadful Noises." That is what the Rev. Dr. Nathaniel Thomas Hafer, pastor of Trinity Baptist Church in Brooklyn, calls New York. Indentally, Dr. Hafer is going away from here. He has accepted a call to the Ferry Street Baptist Church in Detroit. Inasmuch as he declares he is glad to go, we must assume he believes the noises in Detroit are prettier than ours. However, he has his own explanation.

"I came from Michigan and I want to go back there," announced Dr. Hafer. "I brought my wife and children from a comfortable house with grounds around it in the country to a six-room flat in this city, with the elevated trains trembling by our windows all night. I realized as soon as I came here that New York was no place for children. Now I realize it is no place for grown-up people either. I mean people of moderate means who wish to live and not merely to exist."

Entitled to Peace and Quiet.

"We are each entitled to peace and quiet, so that we may use our brains and fresh air and space so that we may use our bodies."

"In New York there is neither quiet nor space, so that it becomes impossible to take any joy in one's mental or physical activities."

Alas, we fear the pastor of the Trinity Baptist Church has found our measures but dead sea fruit. He has not realized the intellectual alertness which comes with dodging the wily motor car, nor caught the strange feeling of exhilaration that only an hour in the subway can bring. The sweet sound of a fire engine running over a spotted dog and dashing on to collide with a trolley car is discord in his ears. For—

"I have come to think of New York as the City of Dreadful Noises," says Dr. Hafer. "When it is not an ambulance bell it is an automobile horn; when it is not a horn it is the elevated trains or the trolley cars, or some pedler in the street with a bell; or if all the gongs and bells could be silenced there would still be the street rowdies bawling and screaming at one another."

Saloon-Governed City.

"But, you see, if there were not bells on ambulances and fire engines a lot of people would run over," I explained. "And when you speak of the crowd you have to remember that you yourself are part of it."

"Oh, of course," admitted Dr. Hafer, "we all have to realize New York is a large city and has all the drawbacks as well as the advantages of a large city. It may be a worse than any other large city, I do not know. I can only tell you how it has seemed to me."

"I have found it an impossible, saloon-governed city. The whole policy of the city is in its liquor traffic. There are too many saloons and too many moving picture shows, and no home life for the middle classes because there is no quiet nor privacy."

"Your bedroom window looks across an airshaft into your neighbor's kitchen window, and you can hear your neighbor's wife scolding her youngest son."

Blunt Sensibilities.

"The edges of your sensibilities become blunted upon the constant exposure of this sharp, cutting, biting, and snarling. To herd human beings like cattle makes cattle of them eventually."

"Yes, occasionally a man like Lincoln comes from the people," I suggested.

"Occasionally," admitted Dr. Hafer, "but I am speaking now of the great middle classes who never become much more than much less than they are at now. It is for them, however, that the small, comfortable homes, the fields and the trees and a life in which they might expand and be happy. It was not intended that their health should be ruined and their natures perverted in the rush and bustle of city life."

"Nobody makes them stay," I interposed. "They seem to rather fancy being here."

"Well, they do not know what is good for them," sighed Dr. Hafer. "But anyway I know what is good for me. My wife was born in Michigan and I was born in Michigan, and we are going back to our own state, where we belong."

"All of which is quite sound, I suppose, for a minister who objects to ministrants."

"Jilted, She Tries to Die."

MILLVILLE, N. J., May 31.—Jilted by her lover, it is alleged, Clara Bassell, sixteen, shot herself in the breast at her home in Port Morris last night and was taken dying to the County Hospital.

Robert Turner of the same town has been keeping company with her and she is said to have written a note to him in a few days. Last week Turner, it is alleged, broke the engagement. He was arrested on complaint of her relatives and was arraigned before Justice J. H. Barnardough, but still refused to marry her.

Whole contract, and then good that before even the material carted is



HUSBAND NEVER CAME BACK.

So Pretty Mrs. Bradford of Boston Gets Reno Divorce.

RENO, Nev., May 31.—"My husband and I never had the least trouble, yet one day he left me at the railroad station at Glen, N. H., saying he would see me later, and I have never seen him since. That was a year ago," declared Mrs. Katherine S. Bradford, the pretty wife of Harry L. Bradford, a young business man of Boston yesterday in the divorce court. She had charged her husband with desertion, after the couple had lived together happily, so she affirms, since Oct. 18, 1899. The Court granted her a divorce and permission to resume her maiden name—Katherine E. Rankin. There are no children and no property rights to be adjusted.

200 Postal Men at Funeral.

POUGHKEEPSIE, May 31.—Two hundred employees of the New York Post-Office, including seventy letter-carriers in uniform, attended by Postmen and Mailmen attended the funeral of John Washington in St. Paul's Church of Staatsburg yesterday. The interment was at Rhinebeck. Mr. Washington was superintendent of delivery in the New York Post-Office.

The MEISTER PIANO is sold direct from the factory to the user. It is sold strictly on its merits as a high-class musical instrument and its makers scorn the use of puzzle schemes, prize and club plans and the so-called "first community" plan. Its worth as a piano and its terms of sale are responsible for its widespread popularity, and if you have any doubt of its beautiful tone and exquisite construction, permit us to send one to your home on thirty days' free trial. We'll pay the carriage to your house and leave the piano there for your own inspection. After that if you wish to buy it, this is the proposition we offer you:

NO CASH PAYMENT DOWN. NO INTEREST ON PAYMENTS. NO EXTRAS. PIANO STOOL AND SCARF FREE. PAYMENTS AS LOW AS \$1 A WEEK. ROTHSCHILD'S TEN-YEAR GUARANTEE BOND WITH EACH INSTRUMENT.

Whether you buy the piano or not you are not put to one penny of expense for the trial. It is our way of showing our faith in our own product. It's the only way to buy a piano.

No prizes, puzzle schemes or club plans.

All Meister Pianos Sold Direct from Factory to Consumer. Only One Profit

No Cash Payment Down—No Interest—No Extras

SMALL WEEKLY OR MONTHLY PAYMENTS

Pianos of Other Well-Known Makers, \$75 and Upwards

Meister Pianos are made in eight styles, and each style in three woods:

Value Price Value Price

Style A-7 Meister... \$275 \$175 Style A-20 Meister... \$150 \$213

Style A-8 Meister... 305 195 Style A-25 Meister... 450 350

Style A-10 Meister... 325 225 Meister Baby Grand... 800 550

Style A-12 Meister... 355 255 Meister Player Piano... 600 395

We Pay the Freight No Matter Where You Live

Established 1863. Pianos, Organs, Drums, etc.

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Chase & Co., 8, E. 23rd Street, N. Y.

Tel. STEPHENS 5-3111. TAKE ELEVATOR TO TWENTH FLOOR.

Did You Ever Notice

that the man who drinks

Pabst Blue Ribbon

The Beer of Quality

is never quite satisfied with any other beer. It has a mild, delicate, mellow flavor found in no other.

Order a case today.

Best Dealers Everywhere



THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

Genuine Merit Required to Win People's Confidence

You have ever stopped to reason why it is that so many products that are extensively advertised, all at once drop out of sight and are soon forgotten? The reason is plain—the article did not fulfill the promises of the manufacturer. This applies most particularly to medicine. A medical preparation that has real value can almost sell itself, as like an oil lamp that burns the remedy is recommended to those who have been cured, to those who have not.

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BOY, 4, LOCKED DAYS IN CAR.

NEW BRITAIN, Conn., May 31.—Almost lifeless from hunger and fright a four-year-old, Peter Coratti, was found yesterday in a freight car in the railroad yards in this city.

The child had been missing several days. When he had been recovered his strength and sense at the hospital, last night he told the police that two men

held him up with pistols one morning last week and took from him five cents his mother had given him to buy candy with.

Young Coratti said the highwaymen, among the many spols, beat him and then threw him in the empty freight car and locked him in. Ever since he had been calling to be rescued.

The car was on a little used siding, and the child's voice was heard only by accident.

DAILY RECORD OF NEW YORK, May 31.

119-125 Walker St., New York

BETWEEN 5TH AND 6TH AVES.

WORLD WANTS WORK

REGULAR MACHINES ON CREDIT.

\$30.00 worth of goods for 50c per week

\$65.00 worth of goods for \$1.00 per week

\$100.00 worth of goods for \$1.50 per week

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